

# SATURDAY NIGHT

AUTUMN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD F. SUTTON, EDITOR

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## An Old Revolt

BY B. K. SANDWELL

"Three Worlds", by Carl Van Doren.  
Toronto, Musson. \$3.50.

MR. VAN DOREN, viewing American literature in 1929 from the lofty eminence of a New York weekly reviewer who was also a Columbia Ph.D., concluded that what was happening to it was the Revolt from the Village, and proceeded to write an article with that title. He found a "conflict between old village and new city". He thought the city would win—had practically won. Life, the new kind of life, had disturbed the old village, broken up its traditional patterns, "and literature was catching up with life".

There was a revolt against something, undoubtedly; there usually is. What it was against is another question. What Mr. Van Doren called the Village others had already called Puritanism, which is much the same thing. There is a feeling nowadays that the mentality against which the Revolt was directed is not correctly described by either term, and has not been nearly so completely overthrown as was supposed in 1929—that the American is still at heart a villager and a Puritan, and that the chief thing that has happened to him is that his womenfolk have invaded his jobs and his saloons, which is obviously quite enough to shake the superstructure if not the foundations of any society. That the external signs of the Revolt appeared first in great cities proves nothing; publishing houses, producing theatres, the machinery of intellectual dissemination, are all in cities anyhow. And it was not city men who did the revolting. Mr. Van Doren himself was born in a village in Illinois.

The truth is that a great deal of what Mr. Van Doren here has to say appears either very obvious or very 1929-ish. He has for one thing no interest in economics. In a dozen pages on the new tendencies in sex relationships he never mentions the financial independence of women, which is by far the most potent factor. Even in his latest chapters he is wholly uninterested in the Leftist literature which is the present-day counterpart of the 1929 Revolt. There are passages in this volume which suggest a temperamental unwillingness to contemplate any form of passionate strife which is not safely out of reach in the romantic past, and since most of the passionate strife of this age is mixed up with economics Mr. Van Doren's distaste for that subject is not hard to account for.

The one-time literary editor of the *Nation* has known a great many of the most interesting literary figures of the age, though he has not much of a revealing character to say about any of them except Elinor Wylie, a tragic figure who at times seems not far from insanity. There are many letters from American authors, most of them being efforts to explain what they are trying to do, a thing no author should ever attempt. The book will be valuable as a document for its period, but I do not think we can say that Mr. Van Doren gets very deep into the analysis of that period or conveys very much of its charm and vitality. He is an authority on literature but not upon life.



FROM THE JACKET DESIGN FOR "BIRD ALONE"

## Tragic Life in Cork

BY SHEILA MITCHELL

"Bird Alone," by Sean O'Faolain.  
Toronto, Nelson. \$2.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN has three other books, "Midsummer Night Madness," "A Nest of Simple Folk" and a biography of Countess Markievicz. All of them have been reviewed in SATURDAY NIGHT. Along with O'Casey and O'Flaherty he ranks among the foremost of modern Ireland's literary minds, though he is less familiar to us than the other two because he has so far not been adapted to the films, as O'Flaherty has been with "The Informer" and as O'Casey is to be with "The Plough and the Stars." Neither was anything of his presented upon the program of the Abbey Players during their American and Canadian tours. But even more than O'Flaherty and O'Casey

he strikes at the Irish scene and brings it to life in his pages with a naturalness of gesture which has been throughout the characteristic of modern Irish drama and letters. He is thoroughly imbued with the rebel feeling, even when as is the case with "A Nest of Simple Folk" and with this new story, "Bird Alone," he goes back for his themes to pre-revolutionary times in Ireland.

It is interesting to see that in "Bird Alone" he has abandoned much of his former intensity which showed in "Midsummer Night Madness" in gaunt lines of short stories without any of the lifting tone of Anglo-Irish literary expression. These stories came burning out of his experience in the Irish Revolutionary Forces and were written at a pitch of composition which left him no creative expansiveness. Time has passed and the country has settled down and into O'Faolain's work there has come a much gentler tone and a swing back into the singing quality of the English prose of Ireland. His sentences have the dragging cadence of English colored by memories of the Irish Gaelic and in reading it one is very conscious of it as English different from English, and as English used by people relatively new to it. That is, the phrasing has a peculiar tonal convolution, and a sentence is not just a sentence, but a group of words that pull the reader back to the group that has gone before it and also to the group that is to come ahead of it. The pull is given by tone placing and is a trick which is natural to the  
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SEAN O'FAOLAIN

## A New Saint Joan

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

"Saint Joan of Arc," by Victoria Sackville-West.  
Toronto, Doubleday.  
Doran. \$3.50.

VICTORIA Sackville-West has an astonishing array of virtues for the writing of biography. They have made this story and study of Saint Joan a triumph. With a fine respect for historical detail and the courage to control detail, with modern comprehension of the power and the peculiar vagaries of the mind acting upon the body as well as upon the etheric waves, with gentle humility before mystery and yet no superstitions awe of it, with magic in simple story telling and a balanced command of the background influences of mass history Victoria Sackville-West has produced a Saint Joan which will not antagonize anyone. That, when you know the history, is nothing short of a miracle. This book might be put into the hands of an immature reader. It might also be presented to the most carping historical critic. It might furthermore be recommended to such persons as consider themselves able to explain every phenomenon in life by means of psychiatry. There is in it rich overtones of composition stamping it unmistakably as one of the books which will live. Victoria Sackville-West loves her subject; knows her period and while she strictly holds the background down to its fifteenth century actuality she treats Joan as one of those timeless superwomen like the unknown sibyls of Delphi and like the queens and the feminist pioneers.

The story itself is told with a charm that catches at the emotions. The style is lovely and rich and even. The troubled affairs of fifteenth century France move as a choral intoned beneath the involved song of Joan. This is particularly to be seen in the treatment of the trial wherein the author makes superb use of the actual record and at the same time suggests the inevitable conflict between the simple mystic obeying an inner law and the established authority of her time unable to understand the words she used. It was something spiritually simple translated into something factually involved, and at the same time something spiritually involved translated into something factually too simple to be swallowed; mortals up against something immortal and therefore puzzled and terrified, and more than a little bored. Joan was a nuisance, as the Blessed Lord was a nuisance, to those who preferred life to be traditionally mortal and history to advance at its usual ambling pace. Who was she, as also who was He to talk intimately of God and bring God into mundane matters like wars and governments and small individual affairs.

FROM the trial Victoria Sackville-West moved on to a short essay chapter considering the mystery of Joan's voices. She considers all the possible interpretations, from that of the subliminal self manifesting through the ordinary mind, and the traumatic shock theory of the abnormal sublimating of energy to the mystic's insistence upon the *Propheta* coming through in times of great need into the clairvoyant and clairaudient message. None of these assumptions she treats as more than an assumption, but she confesses graciously to her own faith, which while aware of  
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## Builder of France

BY FELIX WALTER

*The Cardinal Dictator: a Portrait of Richelieu* by Auguste Bailly, translated from the French by Hamish Miles. Toronto: Nelson. \$4.50.

RICHELIEU has sat for his portrait so often and has been the subject of so many detailed historical studies that M. Bailly, in a volume of modest proportions, could hardly hope to surprise his readers with anything very new and startling. The merit of his book, which confines itself to Richelieu's theory and practice of statecraft, is that it is a calm, well-reasoned piece of scholarship without sensationalism, into the hypothetical or any attempt to fictionalize facts. An early chapter deals in greater detail than usual with Richelieu's administration of the obscure bishopric of Luçon which he took over at the tender age of twenty-two. The born statesman, as Napoleon was to prove during the months of his exile in Elba, can show his mettle running a cabbage-patch, and the see of Luçon was, episcopally speaking, little more than that. But handling canons and stubborn west-country priests is an excellent apprenticeship for a future minister of state and no detail of his methods in that formative period can be considered superfluous. M. Bailly passes next to the ambitious young prelate's carefully planned march to power, and then follows in order analyses of the great three-fold task that was to take all Richelieu's mental and physical strength until his death in 1642: the struggle against French Protestantism which he viewed lightly as a religious *political* force, the struggle against the House of Austria waged, by the constabulation of the Catholic world, with Protestant allies; and the struggle to curb the arrogant, undisciplined feudal nobility whose interests and privileges alike were an obstacle to the centralized modern France that Richelieu did so much to build.

As M. Bailly is a historian, his Richelieu bears no resemblance to the gentleman of the same name who strides so confidently through the pages of Romantic literature. The real Richelieu was as grotesquely travestied by Voltaire, Dumas and even by Balzac (Lathan) as was the French Revolution by Carlyle, Dickens and the Barones. Grey. Indeed the Romantics seem to have hated him instinctively, seeing in him, rightly enough, the man who killed the Middle Ages. And so Richelieu became a scabbed monster in fiction and in drama, followed everywhere by the sinister shadow of Father Joseph, his *raisonneur* evil. Even Father Joseph's restored to human and historical proportions in M. Bailly's book. And it seems that it was nothing in the least shadowy about him. François Le Clercq, Tremblay was a broad-shouldered redoubter with a huge red beard and, far from being Richelieu's instrument, was an independent collaborator with his mind and policies of his own.

The non-professional reader might prefer a little more about Richelieu the man. After all even a great statesman hides a human being inside the machine, and M. Bailly is at times unnecessarily reticent on the subject. Richelieu's sentimental life is dismissed early in one sentence with the words: "In general the intimate history of Richelieu is unknown to us, probably for the very simple reason that he gave no place in his existence to love." (Studies of Henry Zwiol and all the French biographers). Only on the questions of Richelieu's medical condition, his household expenditures and his last will and testament (reproduced verbatim in an appendix) does M. Bailly make any concession to people interested in the non-political side of his life.

M. Bailly, as far as I can discover, allows himself only two eccentricities: one is the strange notion that Richelieu and Mazarin are strikingly similar in both character and method. The other weakness, a usual one with

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H. G. WELLS AND HIS BALL GAME  
From a Drawing by Lou in "Ye Madde Designer" (The Studio Publications).

## For The Intellect

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

"The Anatomy of Frustration", by H. G. Wells. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.

MR. WELLS is the last survivor of the nineteenth century. (Mr. Shaw, if he survives at all, is a survivor of something else, for he never belonged to the nineteenth century anyhow.) Mr. Wells is nineteenth century because he believes in the supreme importance of the human intellect, a belief which is at a terrible discount in this, the middle portion of the twentieth century. His teachings, which were enormously popular during that expansion of the nineteenth century which lasted almost up to 1914, are now exceedingly unpopular, and his latest book will make him few new friends unless the time is ripe for a reaction

from the current contempt of intelligence, which does not seem very likely.

Mr. Wells has always been an excellent phrase-maker, and this volume is a collection of brilliant phrases extracted from the posthumous papers of an imaginary philosopher and loosely strung together into something that looks like a philosophical system but is able to evade most of the requirements for such a system. It is interesting to note, for example, that the one realm in which the imaginary philosopher completely lays aside his faith in intellect is the somewhat important realm of sex. "After all my reasoning I come to the fact that I am quite irrational here."

Such is Mr. Wells' reliance upon intellect that he makes his hero declare that "With a few more cubic inches of brain for the average man and a score of years added to the span of life, or even with such an economy of mental exertion through simplification as would be equivalent to these extensions, every present difficulty in the human outlook would vanish like a dream." The vision of a world of elderly, large-headed and unsexed philosophers which this calls up is not likely to be wholly pleasing to the energetic and highly-sexed young morons who at present constitute the great majority of the world's population. It is, however, high time that they were made to realize that this or something like it is the price they will have to pay for the ideal world which they are demanding. It is well, for example, that they should learn that the Frustration of World Peace is due to the inadequate education of the human imagination and it can be defeated only by an immense poetic effort, by teaching, literature, suggestion and illumination. A vast Kultur-Kampf lies between mankind and peace. We must go through that battle; there is no way round." And again: "The only philosophy and ethics, world-outlook and social and political science that a rational man can have is what he has so made his own as to determine his personal conduct. The rest is something passing by and escaping." But if in the large realm of sex a man's personal conduct has nothing to do with any philosophy or world outlook, how can we be sure that there are not other realms in which it will be extremely difficult, and



JOAN OF ARC  
Drawing by Charlotta Petrina, from "Joan of Arc: Self Portrait".

## Tough N'Orleans

BY EDWARD DIX

"The French Quarter", by Herbert Asbury. Toronto: Ryerson. \$4.

WHEN we were all very young and newspaper reporters in the old police press-room in New Orleans one hope and (to hear us talk) one purpose dominated our lives, and they were that some day one or another of us would tell the story (how the American Mercury would snap it up!) of the segregated district of New Orleans.

That no one ever got around to telling it may be due to our remarkable capacity for enjoying ourselves while looking for the necessary local color. Although the red lights had long been dimmed by order of the United States government, there was still sufficient glow to find your way by; there were night clubs and saloons and honky-tonks; the ladies still whispered from behind the green shutters on North Basin Street. One night, I remember, we were all drinking in an old saloon, at a fine mahogany bar, when a woman came in, an octogenarian, who told us that in her time she had possessed a pair of earrings worth \$7,500. When we asked her her name she said it was Lulu White, the famous madame.

The district as we knew it ten or twelve years ago is not a part of Herbert Asbury's book, "The French Quarter," the story of the underworld of New Orleans. Herbert Asbury closes his book with the so-called suppression of Storyville, as the district was called. We knew only the ghost of it in "The French Quarter," we see Storyville as it really was—an amazing, an incredible place, legalized and condoned, so powerful that its influence was distinct in everything that concerned the town and its people. It dominated New Orleans, and of all the evils in the history of that town was by no means the worst.

The truth is, and Herbert Asbury's book bears it out, that New Orleans never had a chance to go straight. The French colonists sent out to Louisiana by the Mississippi Company at the beginning of the eighteenth century were the riff-raff of Paris; the women all came from the prisons and brothels of France. More than a hundred years later, when Louisiana had passed from the hands of France into Spain's, ultimately to become an American state, the people who lived in New Orleans were morally no better, and conditions, if anything, were worse. The criminals, desperadoes and prostitutes of the world seemed to have settled on the banks of the Mississippi.

In those days—and for years afterwards, Gallatin Street, a narrow thoroughfare in the heart of the French Quarter, was "hell on earth". The Swamp, haunt of bandits and Mississippi river bullies, was the terror of North America and beyond any hope of police or military control. People like Bricktop Jackson (she had red hair) stabbed, maimed, gouged and branded; the Live Oak Boys slaughtered; the most desperate dance hall, where these boys drank, was known as "The Home of Rest for Weary Boatmen"; Bill Sedley, the bully, whose war-cry when on a rampage was "I'm a child of the snapping-turtle, I am!" burnt, pillaged and killed. And they all got away with it. No one dared, or cared, to stop them.

The flatboat men of the Mississippi, coming by the thousands each year, terrorized the town; bandits on the Natchez Trace robbed the planters and urged their slaves to revolt; gamblers abandoned on the river and in town. Gambling was so definitely a trait of the Creole character, says Herbert Asbury, "as to foster a tradition that the first riff-raff colonist . . . stepped ashore with a deck of cards in his pocket and a roulette wheel under his arm." As the nineteenth century grew, there were uprisings by the

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# Contrasting Pictures

BY JESSIE MCEWEN

"Cradle of Life," by Louis Adamie,  
Toronto, Musson, \$2.50.

THE early chapters may give the impression that this is a "true" novel, as objective as "Clydes," but that does not hold. Even before the story broadens to the compass of its hero at five years old, it has become a portrait of social conditions, more that, in fact, than an interpretation of the people whose misery and resignation shadow the life of the "fachook," scornful word for illegitimate child, whom Dora Dugova had brought over the mountains, either to kill or to rear, depending on the will of her grunting, grubbing, hard-pressed husband, Yura, and the mindful generosity of the child's unknown progenitors.

The gloom is heavy in these early chapters, thick and murky like a shroud of dense fog; the beauty of the Croatian sky and hills and valleys never penetrates to the filthy shack where Dora and Yura and their children live. Even the children are sadly oppressed by the ominous near-presence of the greedy wolf of hunger. One ray of light filters through the clouds, and it is Dora's exquisite mother-love, given chiefly to the disdained "fachook" Rudek, but even that is dimmed not by fear of hunger or of the gendarmes who frequently shout commandingly at the door, but by the knowledge that pain and death by murder is close about them. "Fachook" after "fachook" is brought in an elongated bundle over the mountains, each one to whimper for a few days, to cry out pitifully and then, feebly groaning, to die. For each of them a candle is lighted, and a priest mumbles a prayer; then over the mountain each is carried in a white pine-wood box.

Such devastating gloom cannot remain unlighted, even in a sequestered Croatian village, nor can it remain too long to oppress the reader. Mr. Adamie lifts it none too gently but dazzlingly; a great vista of light and hope and prospect opens before the reader, and incidentally before the boy hero, now ten years old, and suddenly made curious and eager by the mysterious appearance of velvet-cloaked gentleman who desires to be known as Friend. The village murmurings that this "fachook" of Dora Dugova's is someone of renown, are revived and Rudek goes away amid sobbing and hysterical wailing, to be referred to ever afterward not as "fachook" but as Prince, as he was most truly, for his father was that mad Rudolph of the house of Hapsburg and his grandmother was that madder person, Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.

Now comes the contrast. We have had grim portraiture, made doubly cruel, by a clutching, rasp-voiced midwife and the earthy clod, Yura. With the speed of a scene-shifter, the midwife is thrust from the tale. Yura's rough grumbling loses its power; Rudek leaves the hungry valley and mounts the hills to his princely castle of Slavina. The

change is almost too much for the reader as it was for Rudek. He finds a gentle governess, a friendly priest, an estate manager, and tutors, all deferential, somewhat overwhelming. The near-renown and the complete mystery that envelop him are burdensome, but not so much so as the misery of Yura's shack. Loveliness and longing for Dora slip from him as Rudek looks forward; the only backward glances he has are for the past that was before him. Who is he? There is no one to tell him.

All the story-writing skill and all the talent for sincere creation that Mr. Adamie possesses have to be mustered here, else his tale will become nothing more than one of gold at the foot of the rainbow. The reader cannot help being curious, not about Rudek and his future, but about the author's skill. Will the story lose its poise? Will this second half be nothing more than a portrait of a young man surrendering to wealth? Quite amazingly, the story does not falter in interest here; it progresses with not much humor, but gravely and steadily. But not so the author; he falters. Rudek in a castle on the hill is almost more than he can contemplate with sanguiinity. He brings in at least two episodes, and the reader can imagine how desperately, that overshadow his main theme, chiefly because he is searching for that main theme; he has lost contact with it.

Quite as suddenly then, as he hurried Rudek up the hill, he makes the contact again. The story progresses, never swiftly, but with dignity, to its climax and its very satisfactory conclusion. There is melodrama before the pattern of the story is complete; there is certain setting down of essential social reforms, and there is sincerity with little defiance in the conclusion—Rudek, the prince, married to the daughter of Dora, the peasant.

One must regard Mr. Adamie's story with respect. The reader may not always believe in his character of Rudek, who makes no passionate and youthful effort to escape from the net of circumstance, and who seldom is called upon to show any defiance, but he lives, and the background of his environments are living. Occasionally characters are exaggerated to the point of melodrama, in particularly Rudek's mother; occasionally, too, there is a tone of great melancholy in his portraiture, but the story moves on and in its full conclusion the contrasting pictures are woven together; the peasant and the prince have the same ideals, the same purpose, and the same urgent desire to share in alleviating the sufferings of the world that is theirs.

## TRAGIC LIFE IN CORK

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Irish, and of which they are entirely unconscious both in writing and speaking. It is a kind of winding prose in which indirectness blends provocatively with occasionally little rounds of directness.

The charm of the writing in "Bird Alone" attracts any reader susceptible to Anglo-Irish prose, but it does not with art cover up a slight story. The theme of the novel is the theme which is appearing inevitably among the young Irish writers: the impatience of the individual against the doctrines of the church upon what constitutes sin. It is a tragedy of sex and religion as manifested in a small group of people in Cork in the years just following the death of Parnell when all Ireland was very conscious of the havoc sex may cause in individual and national existence. The story itself has the melancholy of Irish poetry and music, but through it there are shot little scenes of slum life in Cork which bring to mind the simple small glimpses of Irish character as portrayed by the Abbey players. These, with their irony relieve the melancholy of the tragedy and give an earthy flavor to a story which otherwise might have been sadly philosophical.



FOX, NORTH AND GEORGE III

# The First Liberal

BY EDGAR MCINNIS

"The Life of Charles James Fox," by Edward Lascelles, Toronto, Oxford University Press, 345 pages, illustrated, \$4.50.

THE position of Charles James Fox is surely unique in English political history. It would be hard to find a parallel case of a great reputation so triumphantly surviving a record of failure and defeat. During a long parliamentary life he held office on only three occasions, and none of the three can be regarded as glorious. The first occasion represents a phase which his admirers dismiss as representing the error of unthinking youth. The second was the disastrous union with Lord North, which even his most ardent apologists find it hard to justify. The third was a brief hour granted to a dying man. Even the long period of opposition between these interludes was marked by glaring errors which might well seem to deprive him of any claim to sound judgment or consistent principles.

And yet, after a century and a half, Fox retains his place among the giants of English history. The affection which he attracted during his lifetime still clings about his name. The generous ardor which he displayed in the fight for political liberty still serves as a kindly cloak to cover the errors with which he helped to defeat himself. In political tradition he stands as the forerunner, if not the actual founder, of modern English liberalism; and survivors of that dwindling creed still turn back to pay a warm and loving tribute to his memory.

Mr. Lascelles' biography is the work of a true believer. To his hero's virtues he is more than kind; to his manifold faults, though he cannot be blind, he is more than indulgent. He has been captivated, as were Fox's own associates, by a personality whose richness outweighed both private vice and political mistakes, and created an impression of strength and constancy which no aberrations of conduct could destroy. And like all generous-minded men, he has been won by the spectacle of Fox battling with unshaken courage against the overwhelming forces of reaction, and keeping alive the claims of democracy when they were most in danger.

This book is an attractive study of Fox's political career. Its approach is scholarly, its information is precise, its style is unlabored. From it the

portrait of Fox, though somewhat idealized, emerges with clarity. And yet, with all these virtues, it cannot be said to shed any really new light on its subject. The record of Fox's public life is there; but the discernment which would invest that record with a new significance somehow appears to be lacking.

Perhaps that is the result of too close a preoccupation with the central figure. We see Fox moving in the world of his time; but the world is narrow, and the figures he encounters are apt to be a little shadowy. They are occasionally lit up with sudden flashes: the Prince of Wales, especially, receives this doubtful benefit, but there are few real character sketches, and little attempt to relate Fox to his parliamentary following. We know they were a faithful remnant of the once great Whig party. We know the names and character of Fox's more intimate associates among them. But we get no clear impression of their relations as a group or of the manner and extent to which Fox acted as a real party leader. Nor have we any light on Fox's relations with the wider democratic movement of Hardy and Horne Tooke, men who were certainly not his followers, yet who were by no means entirely out of sympathy with him, nor he with them.

I do not mean that Mr. Lascelles neglects this movement. He shows its bearing on the panic of repression which animated Pitt's government; he shows Fox and his diminished group standing against the reactionary Tory legislation and the savagery which characterized the Scottish trials. But of the new England which was struggling into being, and of which both radicalism and reaction were the warring symptoms, he seems largely unaware. The fact is characteristic. Fox himself was equally unaware of the forces at work, and the result was that, in spite of the excellence of his convictions, he never fully succeeded in giving to his principles a tangible form that would have been truly representative of the spirit of his age. Pitt made himself the expression of real and solid, if unamiable, forces that were actively at work in the nation. It was something that Fox never fully succeeded in doing; and this, far more than most of his biographers realize, was the ultimate failure at the bottom of his whole career.



LOUIS ADAMIE

From a drawing by Donald Beck.

## China And India

BY JAMES BRADLEY

"China Chances", by Gerald Yorke. Toronto, Nelson, \$3.  
"India Mosate," by Mark Channing. Toronto, Copp-Clark, \$2.75.

AT THE end of Chapters 2, 8, 11 and 14 in "China Chances" the author warns you of what is to come in the chapter immediately following so that, unless interested beforehand, you can skip it. As well, however, if you skipped nothing, the chapters on Chinese Communism, the Chinese Soviet Republic or the meditational practices of Buddhists for this modest young Englishman knows his China.

Gerald Yorke is of Peter Fleming's school of travelers who travel fast but miss nothing. Judging from the authoritative tone of his book, you would scarcely believe that he had been living but two years in China before he decided to write, with apologies for first impressions, about the country. It was two years well spent, however, for in that time he had succeeded in traveling through almost every province; he had made excursions up the Yangtze and the Hwai; he had seen China at war, in peace and in revolt; he had obtained a wide understanding of her political, social and economic problems. Perhaps you may think that he went at it too fast, for his energy shows itself in his prose, nervous, swift and sometimes bewildering; nevertheless it catches some neat pictures of Chinese scenes and people. At times Gerald Yorke writes as well if not better than Peter Fleming.

As a newspaper correspondent he traveled with the National Flood Relief Commission to study the flood destructions of 1931; with little money and no knowledge of the language, he stayed with the Chinese army during the Japanese attacks on Jehol and was arrested and sent back to Peking; he mingled with Communists in south China and dodged bullets when rebels began shooting in Peking; he interviewed Chiang Kai Shih and other prominent military and political figures, and found time to visit a few temples and monasteries to learn something of Buddhist religion and philosophy.

People who are interested in modern China will need "China Chances". The general reader will find Gerald Yorke an entertaining, reliable and informative commentator.

IN INDIA thirty years ago young Army officers were not expected to try to understand the Indian mind, or to study or even think about Indian religions or philosophies; and Mark Channing, a newcomer and gentleman in a regiment in Madras, would as soon have walked stark naked into an Anglo-Indian drawing room as offered a military salute. His first impressions of India, moreover, had not helped to make him happy. India and Indians were positively distasteful to him. He felt he told us in "India Mosate," that he hated India and was certain that he should always hate India. What was there to love in India? Lieutenant Channing asked himself. For servility, her degraded beliefs, her dirt? They disgusted him. And her religious and philosophies? Here, thank goodness, he had no need to worry. Among *Revolutions*, India was to him. The attitude required of him was simply one of "respectful indifference."

Was it too much to expect that as he came to know the country Mark Channing refused to stay tied down by regulations and rubrics? That a man so intellectually curious, so humane and religious could be satisfied for long with the mere externals of a country and people that he found, despite himself, increasingly fascinating?

Twenty years from the day that he landed in Madras Mark Channing was a changed man. Starting with only a desire to be brought to order and

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AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE"

## Little Man, What Next?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"The Enchanted Voyage", by Robert Nathan. Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.25.

"THE Enchanted Voyage" is a gentle and charming fantasy about an imaginative little man, a very minor poet, and his efforts to escape from the harsh pressure of fact into ports of glory and romance. The theme is a familiar one. H. G. Wells used it first in "Mr. Polly". Sinclair Lewis followed up with "Our Mr. Wrenn". Christopher Morley gave it a new and whimsical twist in "Where the Blue Begins" and dozens of less important people have tried a hand at it in between. It belongs, like all these less and greater works of fiction, to the fairy-tale literature of escape.

Mr. Polly escaped on a bicycle. Mr. Wrenn on a cattle-boat. Mr. Gissing, the same wistful modern figure, disguised this time as a terrier, ran away on his four legs. Robert Nathan's Mr. Pecket sailed through the Bronx on a frigate on wheels. Only Hans Fallada had the fortitude to keep his little man at home and make him face the whole set of unpleasant facts. But Hans Fallada wasn't writing fantasy.

Mr. Pecket was a carpenter, imaginative as heroes of fantasy always are and like heroes of fantasy not very bright. Circumstances kept him at home with his disagreeable wife, Sarah. But his fancy was free to roam and to give it further support he built himself a sailboat in the back yard. Sarah fitted the sailboat with wheels to make it more acceptable to Mr. Schultz, who was willing to use it as a handburger stand. Then when Mr. Pecket went to sit in his boat for the last time, to brood over his lost dreams of Java and Ceylon, the wind caught his cotton sail and sent him out on a strange voyage through the Bronx and New Jersey.

It wasn't long before he picked up Mary. Mary was a waitress and when Mr. Pecket came sailing by she was sitting in a puddle in the middle of the street, waiting for Mr. Right to

come along. Mr. Pecket wasn't Mr. Right, but she gladly accepted his hospitality and the two bowled through the Bronx and New Jersey, where their frigate upset the handcart of Mr. Williams, a traveling dentist. The dentist promptly came aboard, and the reader has even less difficulty than Mary had in identifying him as Mr. Right. So the voyage continued till the *Sarah Pecket*, which was no more fitted for life as a boat than Mr. Pecket for life as a carpenter, took to the water and sank from sight in the Donkey River.

The fantasy, however, ends happily, as fantasy should. "The Enchanted Voyage" is a pleasant allegory, brightened by wit and enlivened by gleams of fancy and poetry; or if not poetry, first rate light verse in prose. Once the author had solved his central problem, which in works of this sort is largely one of locomotion, his difficulties with his theme were over. It is written with grace and ease, from an imagination that moves freely and a heart not too deeply stirred by the predicament of Mr. Pecket. You will be able to read it with as much enjoyment and as little trouble as Mr. Nathan probably had in writing it.

### A BUILDER OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 2)

ninety-nine biographers out of a hundred, is a tendency to see his model as a paragon. After all, even as a statesman Richelieu had a few weak spots. His nepotism was as scandalous and as great a crime against the public interest as Napoleon's. His greed too was on a reckless scale. Neither these nor other defects, however, can keep Richelieu from his rightful place in history as the central figure in that apostolic succession of great first ministers who built a modern France. Before him came Michel de l'Hopital and Sully and after Mazarin and Colbert. But Richelieu towers above them all.

## One's Company

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

"Live Alone and Like It", by Marjorie Hillis. With drawings by Cipé Pineles. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, \$1.75.

IF YOU are a woman living alone, a woman who has at one time in her life lived alone, or a woman who may in the future live alone—in short, if you are a modern woman, you had better read this. And when you have bought it, as I hope you will since no author can continue on the encouragement of lending libraries alone, you had best hide it until you have enjoyed it from cover to cover, otherwise the first man who comes to call will borrow and never return it. It's that kind of a book.

When one considers the rapidly increasing horde of young and not so young women who now live alone from momentary choice or settled necessity, it is surprising that this book wasn't written before. Obviously the subject awaited the deft and well-mannered hand of Marjorie Hillis. Here it is, chic, sensible, gay and entertaining, a light on the path and guide for the feet of the extra woman.

Recognize first that you are a problem and then deal with it yourself is the author's initial bit of sound advice to the woman on her own. Otherwise relatives will worry about you, friends will try to shove you into a niche of their own making and everybody will find you a tiresome responsibility. (Women who enjoy being a responsibility are invariably tiresome and will get no good of this book.)

That one's standard of living should be about ten points higher if one lives alone rather than with somebody else may seem an odd contention, but consideration will prove the common sense of the suggestion. No feminine morale can stand up long to repeated meals off the kitchen table or rayon underclothes that don't need pressing. The woman who treats herself as an aristocrat does seem more or less aristocratic to other people. Miss Hillis gets right down to cases and tells how it can be done, even, when backed by a first rate intelligence, on a factory hand's salary.

If you are the sort of woman who worries about where to seat the odd male guest at dinner, under what circumstances a lady may wear pyjamas, what kind of alcoholic beverages are most suited to your station and how late he may stay, go to it, here are the answers. There is even a whole chapter on the question, constantly occurring to you, I hope, of Affairs of the Will-you or Won't-you problem on which we all have opinions.

The book, however, is a great deal more than a guide to etiquette. It is an unsentimental brief on the personal attitude to an increasing social and economic problem. Security in its old sense is a nice word that women are gradually realizing has gone with the wind. A new attitude to a new order is more and more necessary. Living alone is still a terrifying idea to many women. Miss Hillis submits that it is no more an ideal way of life for a woman than it was for the first man when God decided it was too hard for him, the poor creature. The point to remember is that it isn't too hard for a woman. In fact it can apparently be an enjoyable arrangement, giving plenty of scope for that highly prized, if occasionally overestimated, modern possession, self-expression. At least you can please yourself. At best you can enjoy yourself.

The Cipé Pineles drawings, which might be by Saglow out of Schiaparelli, are a distinct addition to the entertainment.

Frederick Griffin, Toronto newspaperman, records his experience in "Variety Show." It will be reviewed shortly.

# Brothers in Poland

BY L. A. MACKAY

"THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI", by L. J. Singer, Toronto, Ryerson, \$3.00.

GOOD novels, and indeed very good novels, appear in surprising profusion, year after year; but every now and again comes one which is unmistakably great. No reader of "The Brothers Ashkenazi," I think, can help feeling immediately and without hesitation that Mr. Knopf, its American publisher, is fully justified in classing this book with "The Magic Mountain," "Growth of the Soil," "Kristin Lavransdatter", and "The Peasants". Built around the lives of the twin brothers, Max and Yakob Ashkenazi, it gives in miniature, on the stage of one industrial town in Central Europe, an outline of a whole civilization.

The elder brother, physically insignificant, but mentally brilliant, was consumed by a ruthless, obstinate, cunning, narrow ambition to dominate the weaving industry of Lodz; his brother, handsome, lazy, charming, and lucky, obtained without effort a success equally great; yet both alike, in their blindness to the economic and social forces moving about them, prepared their own destruction, as their idealistic school-friend, working ceaselessly for the emerging revolutionary proletariat prepared likewise his des-

truction. It is a story in which failure, treachery, disillusionment, play a large part; but it is told with such an impartial breadth of outlook that it never becomes sordid or depressing; indeed it has a sense of grandeur that is almost exhilarating.

It is a serious and sober book throughout, but its sustained intensity keeps it from ever seeming dull; it is large not by negligent looseness of writing, or the insertion of pretentious essays, asides, and dissertations, but by sheer firm bulk of matter. It would have been easy, and even excusable, for a Polish Jew writing of Jews in Poland in the years before, during, and after the war, to give way to resentment; but Mr. Singer's writing, restrained, dignified, thoroughly unsentimental, perfectly frank, is far more moving and terrible than any violence. It is an insane world he pictures, but one whose reality strikes home far beyond the borders of Lodz or Poland.

The book has a rich variety of characters, firmly and sharply drawn, however briefly they are sketched, and a strong, unhesitatingly organized movement. "A grand story superbly told" and Maurice Sammel's translation is unreservedly excellent.

## THE POOL

BY AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

(Dedicated to Mrs. Reginald Chaplin, Vancouver, B.C.)

L YING to leeward

Of the great house that looks down to the sea,  
The pool slept; and a wind passing seaward

Rippled the crystal crescent tremulously

With fifty little limpid flaws and flows

Breaking it into sharper beauty, shaking

The four cups of white, the three of rose

That were not yet waking.

Out and in

And out again through the thick stem or the thin

Wound fishes, two of them young and one of them old,

Carnation-colored and dusky and red-gold—

Like slow comets swimming in clear air;

I watched them oaring their splendour, I was aware

Of loveliness so keen that my heart leapt

With unreasoning unreasonable endeavour—

And well I might have laughed and better have wept.

And was still, and took it to myself forever.

DOES it lie yet, transparent, under a high

Paler-than-azure infiniteness of sky

Fretted with clouds of bright fire? Is it broken

In fifty shimmering shards at an idle breath?

Such as I saw it first with no word spoken

It shall outlive life, outlast death.

For Beauty dies not; however the poets have hymned it

As a thing temporal, it is a thing supernal;

It came of eternal God; though our eyes have dimmed it,

At its best, at its highest, Beauty is also eternal;

Nothing is wasted or lost of all He hath made;

The pearly wing of the moth, the star—O splendid

Shall the beauty of these things shine after these things fade!

Beauty shall never be ended.

HOW it may be I know not, yet clearly I know it—

This little lunette of delicate living glass

Shall be cool to the eagerly-stooping lips of the poet,

And forever the gold-sealed fish shall lazily pass

Trailing glory: the cups of white and of rose

Shall open, shall close,

With night, with morning;

And clearest of all in my dream

You, who seem

Less adorned than adorning—

Cut in faintly-roseate translucent stone

Rather than perishable flesh and bone—

Forever, remote and lovely and unaware,

You shall sit in your dove-colored gown and your silver hair,

Your large and calm and wide-set turquoise eyes

Forever offering stillness to the wise

And wisdom to the fool,

Ah, you shall see

Others than me

Bending to slake the thirst of the soul at your pool.

Others, as I, shall thank God that here He has given

Another glimpse of beauty (lost to our breed when

Adam fell) lest growing apart from heaven

We should forget that our first home was Eden;

Others, as I, shall rejoice in this fire-flake gleam

Morning-dropt from the bolt-less bar-less portal—

Beauty, that is, among all things that seem,

Immeasurable, immortal.

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Author of "Hostages to Fortune"

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LONGMANS

# The New Fiction

**FULFILMENT**

"Whiteoak Harvest", by Mazo de la Roche, Toronto, Macmillan. \$2.00.

BY LADY WILLISON

MISS DE LA ROCHE'S quality as an imaginative writer appears brilliantly in "Whiteoak Harvest", sixth in a series which shows no sign of diminishing. What are this writer's gifts? Vision, gusto, humor, unflinching inventiveness, the power to throw on to her pages living, growing characters that may be puerile, exasperating, with out ordinary reasonableness, certainly without intellectual or spiritual elevation, but who nevertheless impose themselves on her readers, even on those who are unwilling to be impressed. Finally, Miss de la Roche writes clear, trenchant, sound and often beautiful prose.

Naturally, even gifted writers must have their defects. The Jalna series does not show a profound knowledge or understanding of human nature. Admiration is expressed for types of character which are not in reality admirable. An element of hardness has run through the sparkling delineation of the Whiteoaks. But what a presentation of vigorous, abundant, ecstatic existence! Such pulsing life as this is the one indispensable quality in imaginative fiction.

In "Whiteoak Harvest" Renny and Mayne continue the struggle between man and wife. Mayne leaves Jalna, with sufficient reason; her mind and soul are haunted by Renny; they are reconciled; their son is born at Jalna. Finch comes home, hag-ridden by Sarah, who not being a Whiteoak, may be regarded as unfortunate. Finch buys his freedom from Sarah and redeems Jalna with the last of old Adeline's money. Harriet, Mayne's aunt, comes under the Whiteoak spell. Wakefield provides inimitable entertainment, the story of which must be strikingly unfair for a reviewer to divulge it. Renny's and Mayne's child, young Adeline, is perhaps the most startling creation in the book. Such a child! and convincing! Young Adeline is no caricature. In this portrait, and indeed in the whole atmosphere of "Whiteoak Harvest", one traces a new respect, even a deeper fondness, on the part of the author for her own characters.

It has been said somewhat accusingly that the Jalna series is not true to life in Canada. Why should it be? The scene of the stories is plainly set in Ontario. But Miss de la Roche has never made it evident that she proposed to herself to write about typical Canadians. Indeed, the contrary seems to be true. Yet families as turbulent as the Whiteoaks have actually existed for generations in Ontario. The annals, not only of Irish, but of Highland Scottish families, offer diversion and instruction to the inquiring artist. Miss de la Roche chooses to throw a veil of grandeur over her Whiteoaks. This may seem unreal to the average Canadian. But human nature may be as startling and unreasonable, yet often much finer, on acres which provide hard work without grandeur.

**WEATHERMAN WALPOLE**

"A Prayer for My Son", by Hugh Walpole. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

BY E. B. STURGIS

THE latest Hugh Walpole reminds one in some respects of the later work of Tennyson. A large and appreciative public is faithfully awaiting each new production while for his part the author keeps an eye on the barometer of the times and cuts for his readers raincoats as stylish as may be.

The theme of "A Prayer for My Son" is in the Fauntleroy tradition but right up to the minute. The dominant character is the grandfather, now Colonel Fawcett, a Fascist huge in bulk as in determi-



MAZO DE LA ROCHE

nation, who exerts the Hitler practice of education and battle remorselessly with his family over the upbringing of young John. Rose, the "modern" dearest, is an unmarried mother, and the Colonel's habit of exhibiting his fine, fresh, healthy body naked in the bath and his influence on the spinster daughter, whose only love-affair has been of a mildly homosexual nature, are as nebulously sinister as any amateur psychologist could desire.

The relationship between mother and son time and again rings false, and Rose herself, with her ceaseless little questions, would have been an exasperating companion for any invalid or child, but we are never allowed to forget the presence, consciously sane and matured, of the creator of the characters. The Colonel is indulgently treated in the end and the character of the twenty-three-year-old Michael who "underneath the superficial coloring of his period was like every other young man who had ever been" is generously described. There is a tense situation when Rose slaps the face of her son's deeply-loved friend, but again Mr. Walpole is at hand benignly to mitigate the strain that contact with true emotion may impose upon the reader, smilingly to mention that it was "a very dirty handkerchief" with which the small boy wiped away his tears.

Jeremy and Hamlet come to mind as we read of John and that canine snob, Rump, although the vitality of the latter pair is checked by the need of the action. Constant in Mr. Walpole's work is a far from reticent love for the English Lake District where this tale is set, that finds expression with perhaps some slight surfeit of the pathetic fallacy in a number of fluent passages.

There is a balance in the constriction of the book and a masterly solidity in some short descriptions of the atmosphere of the rooms in the Fawcett house. The title should sell the book through Christendom and beyond. But the author's fundamental sincerity, the honesty of his approach to his material are not removed from question; smothering is his form of protection from the deluge.

**EASY GOING**

"Farewell Romance", by Gilbert Frankau, Toronto, Smithers and Bonnellie. \$2.50.

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

FOR what seemed eternity neither spoke a word. Then, very slowly, Malcolm's arms opened. "Can't you see that I've had enough of that kind of romance?"

There are sure to be captious critics who, coming to the surface a little dazed and glassy-eyed after seventy-three chapters of the latest Gilbert Frankau novel will echo the twin hero's closing speech, as above. But critics, fortunately, form only a meagre proportion of the great popu-

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lar novel reading world. There remains a vast public who can never have enough of this type of romance.

It is a harsh criticism of a country's taste that has degraded the term "popular" to cover the worst songs, the cheapest merchandise and the poorest literature. It is with no idea of casting aspersions on the Frankau art that we would describe "Farewell Romance" as the complete light popular novel. Since the measure of a success is the attainment of its aim, and Mr. Frankau aims straight at the bull's-eye of popularity, "Farewell Romance" can only be described as another winner.

There are really only four situations in all six hundred and four pages of his new novel from which it may be gathered that the Frankau style is no more economical or austere than of yore. The hero, an attractive Jew, married to a beautiful cripple, is roused to passion by a differently beautiful girl, kisses and renounces her, meets her again, renounces her again without kissing her, develops his devotion to his wife who dies strangely, seeks out the girl and marries her. On this somewhat slender plot Mr. Frankau has built a very long novel with an ending that is not without surprise.

Ardent Frankau fans will not need to be told that a fine wealthy atmosphere surrounds all the characters, who are perfectly at home in the stately homes of England or on its playing fields. Occasionally the author seems almost afraid that his male characters will not be mistaken for perfect British Gentlemen, which of course is absurd. Whenever you go out to dinner with a Frankau hero you can always count, for instance, on his letting you see the label on the wine bottle and that it will be a first class wine. Mr. Frankau prides himself, quite rightly, on that. If you like your novel people to dress for dinner and tread on good Persian rugs beneath crystal chandeliers, this author is your meat.

I confess a personal bias against characters who all talk of champagne as "bubbly" and a style that puts the simplest slang phrases like "shown up" in quotes, and I was mildly surprised to find the hero at his stately dinner table using a table-napkin ring, but these are minor disagreements with a book that will be read and enjoyed by thousands.

While the chief characters are Jews and it is obvious where the author's sympathies lie, there is no G. B. Stern or Fanny Hurst non-aryan atmosphere in "Farewell Romance." Indeed the whole is so impregnated with sturdy British sentiment they might all have been Scottish as Dr. Malcolm Fraser, V. C.

#### RICHARD HANNAY RETURNS

"The Island of Sheep," by John Buchan. Toronto, Musson. \$2.

BY NATHANIEL A. BENSON

JOHN BUCHAN'S latest novel of high adventure, "The Island of Sheep," presents again the attractive figure of that old Buchan favorite, Richard Hannay, and his adroit comrade, Lord Clanroyden. This time Hannay does not indulge in his usual deeds of derring-do, but is little more than the narrator of this intricate, often thrilling and often slow-moving tale of how Lord Clanroyden (Sandy, hero of "The Courts of the Morning"), protected the Norseman, Haraldsen, from his choice a band of cut-throats as ever terrified a timid scholar.

The novel has many splendid features and several distinct weaknesses. It is dignified with Buchan's inevitably distinguished passages of descriptive prose, brightened by countless bits of out-of-the-way information and allusions to learning, customs, lore and peoples all over the world, and especially authentic in its excellent presentation of African, Scotch and Norland settings. It has many a shrewd observation and crackle of true Scots wit; some of the characters, notably Hannay's attractive and manly son, Peter John, Haraldsen, the eccentric Norseman, object of the villains' attentions, who finds his ancestors' courage at the supreme moment, and Haraldsen's lovely daughter Anna, who unfortunately appears in only the last third of the book, are all finely and clearly drawn. Hannay himself is rather shadowy and his reflections at times



HUGH WALPOLE

impede the progress of this book, which one feels was primarily intended a thriller.

The distinguished author's latest volume has not the striking unity and rapid movement of what to us will always be his greatest novel, the glorious "Prester John." He errs in introducing far too many characters in the first four or five chapters, whose individual episodes and doings seem then to have little or no bearing on one another. The most thrilling chapter of all is the fourth, the true beginning of the book which might conceivably have come first. In this chapter Hannay, old Peter Pienan (who returns for a few pages), and a young man named Lombard swear a Viking oath of brotherhood with old Haraldsen that they will come to save him or any of his descendants from the same band of miscreants that they have just routed deep in the Zulu country. This is a rousing chapter and sets the stage for a renewal, years later, in London of the same vendetta. Then for a stretch of eighty pages the novel slows up terribly as the forces of good and evil are marshalled for a Titanic struggle somewhere in England. Then the scene shifts to Scotland, but nothing happens to beguile the tedium of watchful waiting for the villains to strike, except one chapter that features a thrilling auto-chase where the rascals, as in all of Buchan's books, come off a very poor second.

Then the garrison of watchful defenders move off to the picturesque and masterfully depicted "Island of Sheep." Here the entire cast wait for the climax which promises to be nothing short of terrific, but instead of the expected furious death-struggle between powerful forces of good and evil, the villains really put up a very tame show of it, and once their leader, who promised to be a veritable human fiend, is slain without putting up even a struggle, the whole band melts away. Frankly, we truly expected a resounding climax on the Island of Sheep such as Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, and the immortal R. L. S. would have provided, but it just didn't occur. Since he has so distinguished himself in his chosen field of adventure fiction, John Buchan invites comparison with these admitted masters in it, whether he, as he frequently has done, equals their performances or whether he fails to attain it as in the present instance.

#### AFFAIRS AND AFFAIRES

"The Ramparts of Virtue," by John Brophy. Toronto, Nelson. \$2.00.

BY W. S. MILNE

A MIDDLE-AGED Fleet Street authority on European affairs, whose son by his dead German wife is a Nazi storm-trooper, falls in love with a charming, red-headed chorus girl in most altruistic fashion. In fact she does not receive from him the attention she was accustomed to expect until after he has been keeping her for some time; not until nearly the end of the book, in fact, thus providing the element of suspense. So much for the "romantic" element.

The appeal of this novel, however, is curiously divided between drug-store library romance and shrewd and dramatic analysis of foreign



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She came into the police station with a picture in her hand. "My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture. I want you to find him." The inspector looked up from the photograph. "Why?" He asked. *Wall Street Journal*.

politics. Interwoven with the chorus-girl theme is another, so well handled that it almost redeems what would otherwise be a futile and tiresome job of reading. This second theme deals more particularly with Adolf Hitler: his rise to power, and the ideals he represents, with some of the curious manifestations of these ideals. The scene in the London newspaper office, when the Jewish newspaper editor gets news over the wires of the outbreak of the Reichstag fire and realizes its significance, is well done. So, too, is that in the Viennese hotel in which an escaped Nazi-hunted Jew tells Oliver of his sufferings. There is more than a touch of melodrama when the Jew recognizes Franz, Oliver's son, as one of his torturers. Franz is the type of the regimented young intellectual. We see the new Germany through his eyes, and, by contrast, through the eyes of the cultured and traveled foreign correspondent, and the Jewish editor, Mr. Brophy puts forward an ingenious explanation of the sadism of these young Franzes, an explanation that heightens, rather than excuses, the horrorfulness of it.

This book is a fine study of Nazi Germany from without, mixed up with a lot of general posting played as a bedroom game. It is presented in graphic, well-written style, with some excellent character-drawing, and enough plot, good and bad, to hold the reader's interest. Alongside of some of Mr. Brophy's earlier work, however, and particularly "I Let Him Go", it is a pretty thin dish.

### TORONTO THE BAD

"Jupiter 8." by Francis Pollock.  
Toronto, Nelson. \$2.00.

BY NATHANIEL A. BENSON

"JUPITER 8" is the brilliantly-titled second book of that artistically honest, but almost fanatically misanthropic bee-keeper of Shedden, Ontario, Mr. Francis Pollock. Mr. Pollock, apirist though he is, cannot be sneezed at or passed over either as a poor novelist or a pseudo bee-master. From the buzzful bee-loud background of his first novel, "Bitter Honey," there arose the unmistakable portent of a man and an artist who may possibly bulk largely some day on the Canadian literary horizon. Since both of his novels, "Bitter Honey" and the new "Jupiter 8," are intensely subjective in character, one must judge the man along with his art. Mr. Pollock, we feel, is almost autobiographical in his depiction of Jerry Mertens, the Hamlet-like bee-master who was the central character of "Bitter Honey" and a secondary one in "Jupiter 8." The former novel was something of a curio in that it told the odd, unforgettable story of a sensitive soul who once had dreams of metropolitan literary success but who, like many another mute, inglorious Milton, turned back to the soil, not as a farmer, but as a bee-keeper. Some memorable characters appeared in this book, old Richard Cumberland, the wealthy and cynical old paralytic, so horribly murdered toward the close of the book, and Edgar Lloyd, the Cambridge marathon-talker, forced to earn a living as a Toronto newspaperman.

Francis Pollock's realism has in it much of the actual ennui of life itself plus the bizarre, fantastic and wholly melodramatic events which keep intruding into life and making the "Front Pages" what they are. His "Bitter Honey" lacked unity and frequently held up the maddened reader with long descriptions of a bee-master's daily toil, hot stuff for would-be apirists, but fatal to the progress of events in an A-1 novel. However, we can see Mr. Pollock's point: the bee-keeping formed a far larger part of Jerry Mertens' life than did the melodramatic events that intruded occasionally. Artistically, Mr. Pollock is correct here, although his correctness caused him to fail dismally at times as a provider of human interest.

To remedy this flaw in "Bitter Honey," he stepped a little too far the other way in "Jupiter 8," which is nearly all melodrama. Yet it is the believable hectic life of "Toronto the Bad." Mr. Pollock has chosen to make compelling fiction of stuff like the items that one can read

every week in our local scandal sheets. "Jupiter 8" is the world of downtown-hotel, studio and business-office Toronto in the halcyon days B.C. (Before the Crash). Hard-boiled brokers, newspaper cynics, actresses, artists, debts, hotel lobby-lounges, literati, play-girls, maitresses de luxe, etc., pass in the life of Ford Derrock, a sensitive, thwarted dreamer and artist like the bee-keeper, Jerry Mertens, who vaguely wonders what all life's hecticude can give him in the way of happiness.

As in "Bitter Honey," the central figure is not clearly realized, but the other characters are splendidly done, particularly the dissolute broker, Wallie Weatherford, and the tragic artist, Erma, whom one can not easily forget.

Toronto the Bad is portrayed in all its authenticity by a viciously satiric pen, and an agile mind not devoid of malice in paying off a few old scores in a metropolitan milieu that once failed to appreciate a middle-aged author's youthful talents. The book is violent, personal, overdone, but jittering with reality and sensation. In short, it's a swell book. Read it and you will not be likely ever to pass up any future book of Francis Pollock, a startling fellow with a sting in his writing like that of his own bees in a moment of frustration, when the honeyflow failed to materialize.

### THE PERFECT UNCLE

"Back Again", by Denis Mackail.  
Toronto, Musson. \$2.00.

BY LADY WILLISON

MR. MACKAIL is one of the lovable writers; these are least to be spared in an age of rattle, bang, and don't imagine that we really care about anything. When all the time, of course, we really care extremely. Mr. Mackail derives from Charles Lamb, more recently from Mr. E. V. Lucas who also is closely descended from Saint Charles.

The plot of "Back Again" bears a strong resemblance to that of "Over Bemerton's". A single middle-aged gentleman, forty-seven, returns to London from the South Seas, Santanna wherever that is, takes lodgings and resumes acquaintance with what is left of his former life. He is pensioned, evidently has been a successful manager in Santanna, idolizes his late employer, Sir Alexander Brown, looks up his brother Malcolm, Malcolm's wife Margery, his nephew Timothy, terribly like Julian, a brother killed in the war, and Maricold, his niece, who apparently is hesitating between two suitors, one rich, one poor. There is also an old love to meet again, Lena, now a widow. And there is London.

Ned Marsden, the middle-aged gentleman, begins a diary, telling about the people he meets. The real story, the inner theme, of "Back Again", is the delicate etching of Ned Marsden's character, more especially the tenuous delicate outline of the relationships existing between Ned and his brother, his sister-in-law, very specially between Ned and



L. M. NESBITT  
Author of "Gold Fever" (Nelson), which will be reviewed in an early issue.



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#### DOUBLE HARNESS

Two novels, by Ursula Parrott. "Though You Be Far" and "When Summer, Returning". Toronto, Longmans, Green. \$2.50.

BY WILLIAM M. GIBSON

FOR the nonce, it is to the publisher rather than the author that the primary kudos must be accorded. Seldom, aye never, has this reviewer come across a slicker, a more intelligent, a more reader-interest provoking format than Messrs. Longmans, Green have devised for this volume of a brace of novelettes.

Turn the book whichever way you please, and it's still facing you! One novelette one side, one the other, and they meet each other upside down, and back to back. The dust cover carries out the amusing idea, so eager and so clever in its conception that I'll warrant the rest of the American publishing brotherhood is kicking itself it hadn't caught on to it first!

And now for Miss Parrott. As ever, she is competent, she is readable, . . . and she leaves you just exactly where you were before. Oh, I don't mean she doesn't give you something to think about . . . but

the thoughts are as evanescent as her books. For that, however, we must forgive her, since she writes primarily for magazines; indeed, unless memory serves me wrong, I dipped into "When Summer, Returning" when waiting the dentist's unkind attentions, a month or more ago.

Both of these novelettes (the word, I hasten to add, is used in the better, original sense of "short novel") deal with women's reactions to what, at the time, strike them as the greater, the more lasting kinds of love. And both of them show how fleeting is passion's hold. Miss Parrott writes from a brilliant, impersonal knowledge of Woman (American Woman) as She Would Like to be . . . you know, the sort that the late Flo. Ziegfeld was given to glorifying. And like the late Mr. Z., she has a very definite sense of box-office.

Though they are by no means pot-boilers, neither "Though You Be Far" nor "When Summer, Returning" comes to the standard that Miss Parrott can reach. They are good reading, they have efficiently placed touches of humor, equally cleverly introduced touches of pathos . . . but never do they somehow seem to touch real life.

#### THRILLS VERSUS NATURE

"Snowstone", by J. M. Scott. Toronto, Musson. \$2.00.

BY SIMON HARE

ABOUT a year ago, Mr. Scott wrote a biography of Gino Watkins, and in so doing, steeped himself good and proper in the lore of the Arctic at large, and Greenland in particular. Now, he has made full use of his knowledge of Greenland, its people, its geography, its habits and its hazards, to provide a background for a tale of adventure which would, in any less bizarre setting, be a little bit ordinary and more than a little bit dull.

Which is as much as saying that while Mr. Scott's plot doesn't matter, his background does. And it matters so extraordinarily much, that it makes the book definitely worth while.

If you are capable of tackling one page of alleged "thrill" to every ten pages of fine writing about the Ice Cap, the sheet that covers the centre of this ironically named terrain—, about the habits of Eskimos, the foibles of husky teams, the joys of encountering a hot bath and a fine meal after months of living, unshaved, on pemmican . . . then you will be more than fully rewarded.

Mr. Scott is not a novelist, but he is an extraordinarily fine and sincere and effective descriptive writer. He makes "Greenland's icy mountains" live for his readers, in their two hopes snug Canadian villas and farms, and what's more, he makes you want to leave your radio and your radiators, and sally forth to share his experiences with him.

At the risk of being dubbed trite, I'd call him the Peter Fleming of the Arctic. And than that, I can proffer no sincerer praise!



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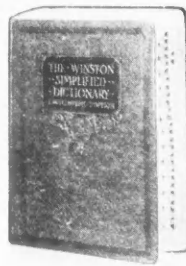
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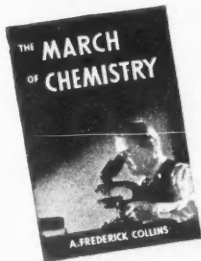
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# It Can't Be Done

BY GRANT SMITH

"Away From It All," An Escapologist's Notebook, by Cedric Belfrage, Toronto, Ryerson, \$3.00.

WE ALL dream of escape. Land dwellers dream of a ship and the open sea, while sailors long for a snug little berth on shore. The bored sophisticate talks of flight to a Polynesian paradise, while wilderness exiles plan their return to the fleshpots of civilization. We blame it on the stress of modern civilization but we actually suffer mankind's oldest and most chronic complaint.

It probably started as soon as man, emergent from his brutish dumbness, began to talk and to dream and invest his past and future with a glamor which he missed in his present. So far did his imagination outrun reality that he sought adjustment of the difference and became the first escapologist.

Faced with this irritating discrepancy between the way things are and the way they might be, two general courses have been followed by mankind. If we ignore those who, untroubled by dreams, take everything as it comes, some energetic fellows have insisted on doing something about it and caused upheavals, wars, revolutions, migrations, inventions and reforms.

But most human beings have chosen the easier path of escape. Philosophy, religion, art, literature and music have opened satisfying doors to many. For those without the cultural capacity to follow these harder paths our modern age has provided the popular press and the movie industry to augment the age-long effort of alcohol to throw a happy haze around humanity.

In "Away From It All" Cedric Belfrage, English newspaperman, describes his unsuccessful search for escape in the most honest and correspondingly thrilling travel book we have read. Sick of a Britain which does not seem to be that happy island known to the Canadian newspaper reader, he makes his flight by way of Spain, the Mediterranean, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Persia, India and Slam. Through the East Indies, in the Pacific islands and in Australia and New Zealand he vainly tries to escape.

For Mr. Belfrage made the serious mistake of taking his keen intelligence and his professional curiosity along with him. And that is no way to find romance. But he found things much more exciting. Written before the present Spanish civil war, his bitter-flavored impressions of Spain give you a sense of the imminence of what is now occurring. And tomorrow's news story on Arab-Jewish riots will be very intimate to you after reading about Palestine with Mr. Belfrage.

By the time he delinks the white man's burden legend in the Orient and presents a few sidelights on the sahils and mensahils that Kipling neglected to mention, you'll blush if you see a Union Jack. Mr. Belfrage did not pick up his knowledge of

India and Ceylon in the better clubs and first class smoking cars.

And then there is the account of the maddest voyage we ever read about from Auckland, New Zealand, to Apuka in an old schooner with one competent sailor and three no good amateurs in charge. That is worth a whole book in itself and has a true ending that will leave you gasping. But that was the only real escape Mr. Belfrage found, and concluding with some Marxian reflections on escape from escape, the author is found at the end of the book back in London and ready, we suspect, to join the ranks of those who insist on doing something about it all.

### PRIVATE VALOR

"White Banners", by Lloyd C. Douglas, Toronto, Allen, \$2.50.

BY WILLIAM M. GIBSON

IN EACH succeeding novel, Mr. Douglas reveals an increased understanding of his own peculiar technique. No longer do the sermons which form so integral a part of his novels obtrude themselves, to the cost both of the plot and of themselves; they are gradually becoming more and more subtly interwoven in the purely fictional matter and it's that, after all, that the novel reader primarily seeks.

Despite a personal dislike for the introduction of the religious into anything which cannot honestly be labelled "Churchiana", I have to admit to a more than sneaking regard for Mr. Douglas' latest book; and that, notwithstanding the fact that I picked it up with a fairly definite feeling that I wasn't going to like it. The place for sermons, I've always held, is the pulpit, or else church magazines or the sort of literature that in my extremely protestant youth was reserved for the Sabbath, and I've not yet quite got over the idea that I'm being cheated if I find that sort of thing obtruded in my fiction or daily newspapers. For all that, however, "White Banners" had an appeal that I can't honestly deny.

Maybe it's because of Mr. Douglas' palpable sincerity, maybe on account of its avoidance of anything approaching religious controversy, but the fact remains that I most earnestly counsel you to read "White Banners" yourself, before handing it on to the maiden aunt for whom you'll be buying it for a Christmas offering; and when you've done it, you'll probably keep it for yourself, and go out and buy a second copy for Auntie.

Hannah Parmalee's theory of life was to be as gentle as anything to everyone else, and wear a hair-shirt herself; to give in with no struggle and thus achieve ultimate victory. Yes, I know it sounds crazy. But when you've read the book and have seen just how it worked out for Hannah and the Wards, you'll have to admit there must be something to it. "Pride is what makes me comfortable when I'm alone," is what Hannah says, as she explains the virtue of keeping silent about one's resentments or hatreds.

The story, as such, is simple in the extreme, as simple, and as near our daily lives as Josephine Lawrence's "If I Have Four Apples"; it's honest and simple and decent, just like pre-Nazi "kirehe, kuche, kinder" Germany used to be, and just as appealing.

### CHINA AND INDIA

(Continued from Page 4)

when he did not understand, to inquire, he had progressed to an intimate knowledge of almost every phase of Hindu life. "No longer 'a country of ignorance, brutally sharp shadow, and blinding glare,' India was majestic and enchanting. His own spiritual life, strengthened by his reading of the Indian philosophic classics—the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Upanishads*—had found enlightenment and purpose in the teachings of a guru. A



V. SACKVILLE-WEST

Author of "Saint Joan of Arc."

British officer, he became a disciple of a Hindu guru. At the end of "India Mosaic" he cries: "India! India! All everything was India!"

Mark Channing tells his story with humility and understanding. "India Mosaic" is a charming book. Free of India's political and social problems, and not to be considered by any means a spiritual autobiography, it is essentially tolerant and human. People who know what to expect of books written about India will find Mark Channing's quite out of the ordinary and will be grateful for it. They will

come to know some delightful people—Mirza the story-teller, the *brahmin* Balmokund, the Babu, Ameena the Kashmiri girl, and the white missionary who saw the blue rats of Ganesh. These are among the brightest places that make up the mosaic. But then, every piece in "India Mosaic" scintillates; and the design is perfect.

### TOUGH N'ORLEANS

(Continued from Page 2)

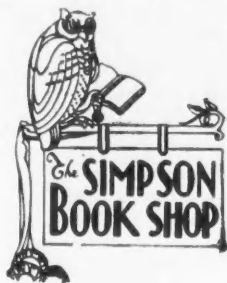
negroes, racial riots among the new immigrants, a plague of yellow fever which caused as many as 300 deaths in a day, the rise of the Mafia terrorists, halted only after the Vigilantes of New Orleans had taken the law into their hands and massacred eleven of the ringleaders in the Parish Prison; and, to cap it all, the complete degradation—the occupation of New Orleans by General Butler and the northern troops and the consequent shambles of the carpetbag administration.

The history of New Orleans—for its history is as much that of the French Quarter—is one long account of lawlessness, crime and murder. Almost a century and three-quarters after the landing of the first colonists, when Storyville was established, it was estimated that "unless suppressive or regulatory measures were taken the city would eventually be transformed into one vast brothel." Life in Storyville between 1890 and 1914 is faithfully recorded by Herbert Asbury with the help of actual and remarkable photographs of the notorious houses on North Basin, of newspapers of the day and their stories of the haunting madames—Kate Townsend and Josie Arlington and Hattie Hamilton and Lulu White. Herbert Asbury is at his best in this period. He has written a great book and an immensely useful one. As a record of vile humanity it is in every way amazing and it is true.

### NATIONAL BOOK FAIR

DETERMINED that its first year of activity shall close with even greater enthusiasm than was shown at the inaugural meeting, the Association of Canadian Bookmen is undertaking to sponsor Canada's first great Book Fair and Exhibition during Book Week, November 9th to 14th. England has witnessed a similar spectacle for some years past, in the tremendously popular *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition in London, and smaller shows in other cities, but until this year Canadians have not had a like opportunity. Every conceivable attraction relating to Books and Bookmaking will be included, and the many thousands who are expected to attend will find a tending literary circus to make their visit entertaining and memorable. Libraries, museums, private collectors and publishers will contribute features.

Each night for the duration of the Fair, which will be held at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, a different literary figure of international prominence will address Book Fair visitors in the Rose Room. Another feature will be the Canadian premiere of the new talking film recently completed in England under the distinguished direction of Paul Rotha. The title is "Cover to Cover" and it deals with the whole romance of books and book-making from ancient times to the present. Several famous writers appear in the production and the photography and musical accompaniment are of the highest excellence. This event in itself will attract many people from all parts of the East. It is too early yet to describe in detail many aspects of the Fair, but it will quite certainly contain sections devoted to Books on the Fine Arts, Rare Canadiana, Historic Manuscripts, Travel, Sport, Juvenilia, and Book Illustrations in short, a comprehensive and entertaining exposition of literature, past and present, such as this continent has never before witnessed. A large part of one floor has been engaged for the week and will be completely transformed into European streets and familiar Canadian scenes by the artistry of Dorothy Stevens and a staff of workers. \$1.00 passes to the entire week's activities will be sold by members of the Big Sister Association, and 25 cent single admission tickets can be purchased at the door.



Books mentioned and reviewed in this issue may be obtained in the Simpson Book Shop.

Telephone Adelaide 8711  
Street Floor

*Simpson's*



### SAILING SOUTH AMERICAN SKIES

By James Saxon Childers

The narrative of an exploratory air-plane adventure covering 25,000 miles from Texas to Mexico. "He wanted to see all he could from the air. But later he saw everything, walking on the ground. Some of the stories he tells are weird and horrible."—*Canada's Hamilton Times*. \$2.50 ( illus. with photographs )

### PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE: CROATIA TODAY

By Dorothea Orr

Croatia, one of the best known regions of Europe and one of the most interesting.

For thirteen hundred years the Croats have inhabited their rugged sector of the Balkans, but for the last some hundred years they have been a subject of the successive empires of Hapsburg, Turkish and Serbian masters.

This is an unusual book and read it as an exciting experience. \$2.50

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Toronto.



## THESE BOOKS ARE LEADERS

The world to-day is reading and discussing them.

### • CITIES OF REFUGE

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

A novel as fine and as full of interest as *Blood Relations* and *The Cross of Peace*. The scene is laid in international capitals—Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, New York, London. \$2.50

### • SWEDEN, THE MIDDLE WAY

By MARQUIS W. CHILDS

First published in January, 1935, this book is now in its sixth large printing and an out-and-out best seller. The best political news in years. —*Lewis Gannett in New York Herald Tribune*. \$2.75

### • BUT BEAUTY VANISHES

By RICHARD BLAKER

Choice of the English Book Society for September, this is one of the finest and most fascinating novels of the season. It is a Most Beautiful Lady, the story of which is summarized in the first sixteen pages. \$2.00



### • IN THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL

By H. V. MORTON

This new travel book will probably be the most popular gift book of the season and rival the phenomenal sale of *In the Steps of the Master*. By the same author. \$2.50

### • AWAY FROM IT ALL

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

An enthralling book of the same type as *The Way of a Transgressor*. The record of a journey round the world by a man whose wit, flair and descriptive powers are alike extraordinary. \$2.00

### • CANADIAN-AMERICAN INDUSTRY

By HERBERT MARSHALL, FRANK A. SOUTHWORTH, JR., KENNETH W. TAYLOR

A study in international investment. This is the first detailed survey of the vast movement of industrial capital across the Canadian-American frontier. It is also the first volume of the Carnegie series dealing with the relations of Canada and the United States. An important book for business men. \$2.50

### • A PAGEANT OF VICTORY

By JEFFERY FARNOL

A stirring romance of the days of the early Americans, told in Mr. Farnol's own flamboyant way. \$2.00



### • AFTER ALL

By CLARENCE DAY

A new book by the author of *Life with Father*. Everybody will find something to delight in. Vancouver Province. \$2.50



### • THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI

By E. J. SINGER

"He tells a great story in an authoritative manner that will help us to understand the world and our adaptation to it."—*Montreal Star*. \$2.00

### • FAR FOREST

By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

"Mr. Brett Young has done himself full justice and his already high reputation as a story teller will be enhanced by this latest contribution to the worthwhile fiction of the year."—*Montreal Star*. \$2.00

### • GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER

By SIGRID UNSET

A novel in the typically excellent style of Mrs. Unset. Mail and Empire. \$2.00

### • WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

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### • GREAT-AUNT LAVINIA

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

The latest Joseph C. Lincoln novel deals with the story of a woman who through marriage was swept into a world of war. \$2.50

### • WALLS HAVE MOUTHS

By W. F. R. MACARTNEY

The author, who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, has now set an example of his own. Compton Mackenzie writes the foreword and makes sweeping prison reforms. \$2.00

### • THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE

By SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

This important new book and a guide to show a world friendship movement that war and must be avoided. \$2.00

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# The New Books

## GENERAL

"The Story of Prophecy," by Henry James Forman. Toronto, Farrar & Rinehart. \$3. Seers and soothsayers of past and present and their often amazing predictions.

"The Road Behind Me," by G. Stanley Russell. Toronto, Macmillan. \$2.75. Reminiscences of a distinguished Toronto pastor, lecturer and broadcaster.

"At Home and Abroad," by J. Ramsay MacDonald. Toronto, Nelson. \$2.50. Travel essays.

"Houses as Friends," by Dorothy Pym. Toronto, Nelson. \$3. Memories of the author's lifetime in terms of the houses in which she lived.

"The Abyssinia I Knew," by General Virgin. Toronto, Macmillan. \$2.50. A picture of Abyssinia by the one-time military and political advisor to the Abyssinian Government.

"Walls Have Mouths," by W. F. R. Macartney. Toronto, Ryerson. \$3. A record of ten years' penal servitude.

"A Walk After John Keats," by Nelson S. Bushnell. Toronto, Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50. The author tours the English lakes and highlands of Scotland in the footsteps of John Keats.

"The History of the Haymarket Affair," by Henry David. Toronto, Farrar & Rinehart. \$4. The struggle of American labor for justice.

"Atlantic Crossing," by G. Wilson Knight. Toronto, Dent. \$2.75. An autobiography. The author is a professor in the Department of English at Trinity University, Toronto.

"Electricity," by W. L. Bragg. Toronto, Macmillan. \$2.75. Electricity for the layman by a distinguished authority and Nobel laureate.

## FICTION

"Death of a Man," by Kay Boyle. Toronto, McLeod. \$2.50. A stream of consciousness novel having to do with a spoiled American girl and a Nazi idealist.

"Green Margins," by R. P. O'Donnell. Toronto, Thomas Allen. \$2.50. A novel of the Mississippi River Delta. Book-of-the-Month Club selection for October.

"Fair Company," by Doris Leslie. Toronto, Macmillan. \$2.50. Four generations of women and 130 years of English history. By the author of "Full Flavor."

"Croesus," by Neil Bell. Toronto, Collins. \$2.50. A gypsy showman and an English Fair. By the author of "The Son of Richard Carden."

"Two Years," by Alberto Albertini. Toronto, Macmillan. \$2.75. The dilemma of a young man with two years to live. The author is a brilliant Italian author and journalist. Translation by Arthur Livingston.

"Major Operation," by James Burke. Toronto, Collins. \$2.50. A saga of Glasgow.

"A Time to Remember," by Leane Zugsmith. Toronto, Macmillan. \$2. Revolt in a department store.

"The Bells of Basel," by Louis Aragon. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Toronto, McLeod. \$2.50. A novel.

"Cities of Refuge," by Philip Gibbs. Toronto, Ryerson. \$2.50. A novel.



E. P. O'DONNELL



WARWICK DEEPING

"August Folly," by Angela Thirkell. London, Hamish Hamilton. 7/6. A novel by the author of "Wild Strawberries."

"No Hero This," by Warwick Deeping. Toronto, McClelland & Stewart. \$2.25. An average man's adventures in the Great War.

"Sir Percy Leads the Band," by Baroness Orczy. Toronto, Musson. \$2. A new Scarlet Pimpernel novel.

"Fort in the Jungle," by P. C. Wren. Toronto, Longmans, Green. \$2. More about Sinclair Noel Brodie Dysart and the French Foreign Legion.

"Lightbody on Liberty," by Nigel Balchin. Toronto, Collins. \$2. A satire, developing its fun out of the conflict between citizen and bureaucracy.

## MYSTERY

"Moons in Gold," by C. S. Montanye. Toronto, Copp Clark. \$2.

"Snatch," by Virgil Markham. Toronto, Collins. \$2.

"Man Overboard," by Freeman Wills Crofts. Toronto, Collins. \$2.

"Where is Barbara Prentice?" by Miles Burton. Toronto, Collins. \$2.

## A NEW SAINT JOAN

(Continued from Page 1)

the intellectual value of scepticism submits to the unalterable fact of knowledge being after all purely relative and not ever arbitrarily final. It is a remarkably fine summing up of the psychological and religious mystery. It is the work of a woman considering mystery in a woman, knowing far more, as is natural, than a man could know about it and presenting it all with grave scholarship in addition to very artistic appreciation of all the possibilities involved.

The book is adequately illustrated with maps and pictures. It contains valuable notes in appendices. It is documented throughout so that the student may check references and it is thoroughly indexed. All of which makes it a reliable text as well as a beautiful composition in prose story. It is one of the finest biographies in years.

## FOR THE INTELLECT

(Continued from Page 2)

will always remain so, for him to direct his behavior in accordance with purely intellectual controls?

A few of the best phrases are too good not to reach a wider public than that which will read this admittedly serious book. Concerning Philip Snowden: "His specialty was virtuous indignation and, since you cannot think indignantly, he preferred not to think at all." "It is no good to pretend, as the Communists did, that you have only to clear away one 'system', the Thing that is the Capitalist System or what you will, in order to find another and better one, ready-made, underneath." Or John Stuart Mill: "If he had been a hen he would have laid a small very good egg, very carefully and concisely, about once a year." Or the Socialists: "You stop thinking when you begin the hunt for disciples."



IF YOU JUDGE  
BOOKS BY THEIR  
AUTHORS...

## V. SACKVILLE-WEST

*Saint Joan of Arc*

*Selection of The Literary Guild and  
The English Book Society.*

"Miss Sackville-West has written the biography of St. Joan with cogent directness, with disinterestedness and careful scholarship, in the most complete detail, and with a beauty and reverence from which the last grain of sentimentality has been refined away. The result is PURE GOLD."—*New York Times Book Review*. \$5.50

## HUGH WALPOLE

*A Prayer for My Son*

If you have a son of your own, or if you are merely on the sidelines watching other boys being prepared for the slaughter, this book will be on your autumn schedule. A strong story with a powerful message and with a character—Col. Fawcett—worthy of your hate. —*Chicago Daily News*. \$2.50

## BEVERLEY NICHOLS

*No Place Like Home*

Beverley Nichols has a genius for doing the unexpected, and NO PLACE LIKE HOME is no exception to this rule. It is the provocative, witty, reverent, completely enthralling record of his journey to the Near East and the Holy Land. \$2.00

## NOEL COWARD

*To-night at 8.30*

November 20th will see Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence starting in the New York premiere of TO-NIGHT AT 8.30, a series of nine brilliant one-act plays. Typically Noel Coward, of course. A book you must have if you want to be in the swim theatrically. \$3.00

## EDNA FERBER and GEORGE KAUFMAN

*Stage Door*

Another play opening on Broadway this Fall. No first-nighter ever yawned while viewing DINNER AT EIGHT or THE ROYAL FAMILY," writes Sterling North. "And STAGE DOOR is up to their high standard of entertainment. Highly readable in book form." \$2.25

## KATE O'BRIEN

*Mary Lavelle*

Remember WITHOUT MY CLOAK which won Kate O'Brien the coveted Hawthornden and John Black Tait prizes? Now in MARY LAVELLE she has achieved one of the truly enduring love stories of our generation—passionate, beautiful and poignantly alive. \$2.50

## E. F. BENSON

*All About Lucia*

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## KATHLEEN NORRIS

*The American Flaggs*

Kathleen Norris' most memorable novel since CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE. It is the romance of a girl who found that there was no marriage that couldn't be either a glowing success or a miserable failure—that "marriages depend on the women who are in them." \$2.25

## ROBERT CARSON

*The Revels Are Ended*

Robert Carson, one of the most brilliant scenarists in Hollywood, has written a first novel that has aroused extraordinary enthusiasm in everyone who has read it. One of the minor discoveries of this season. \$2.50

**DOUBLEDAY, DORAN**